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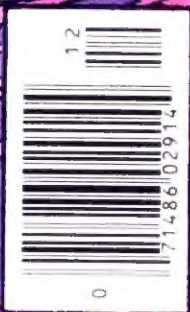
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DOCTOR STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS

BEHOLD...
DREAM
WEAVER!



Once he was a man like most *others*— a worldly man, seduced and jaded by *material* things. But then he discovered the *separate* reality, where *sorcery* and *men's souls* shaped the forces that shape our *lives*. In that instant, he was *born again*, to become a man like no other!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **Dr. STRANGE** MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!™

THE DREAM WEAVER!

MUST YOU
LEAVE SO SOON,
NAMOR? YOUR
SHOULDER—!

IS NEARLY HEALED
ALREADY, DOCTOR-- THANKS
TO YOUR MINISTRATIONS.
THE WOUND I RECEIVED
FROM ALARIC* PAINS
ME NOT.

THE ONLY PAIN IS
THAT IN MY HEART.
WILL YOU NOT
RECONSIDER YOUR
DECISION TO HAVE ME
ME TAKE THE SWORD
OF KAMLU?

ROGER STERN * ALAN KUPPERBERG AND RUDY NEBRES
WRITER GUEST-ARTISTS

JIM NOVAK, LETTERER * FRANCOISE MOULY, COLORIST
BOB HALL, EDITOR * J. SHOOTER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

*LAST ISSUE--
BOB.

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AS LONG AS THIS BLADE **EXISTS**, IT PRESENTS A DANGER TO YOU. BY RIGHTS, YOU SHOULD KEEP IT.

NO, NAMOR. THE SWORD IS BETTER OFF WITH THE PEOPLE OF FAIR ATLANTIS... THEIR DESTINIES ARE **LINKED**.

--THEN AT LEAST TAKE THIS-- THE **EYE OF ZARTRA**, THE ELDRITCH GEM WHICH I HAVE PLUCKED FROM THE SWORD'S HILT.

WITH THE EYE **REMOVED**, THE SWORD'S ENCHANTMENT... ITS INHERENT DANGER... IS **HALVED**.

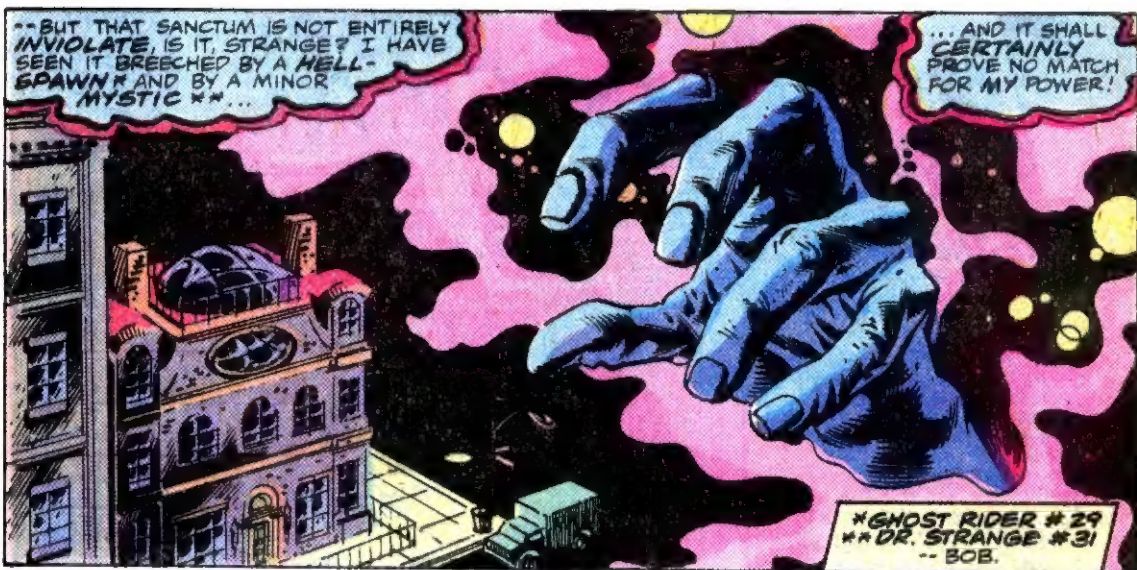
VERY WELL, THEN-- IF THAT IS YOUR **WISH**--

YOU... **HONOR ME, NAMOR.**

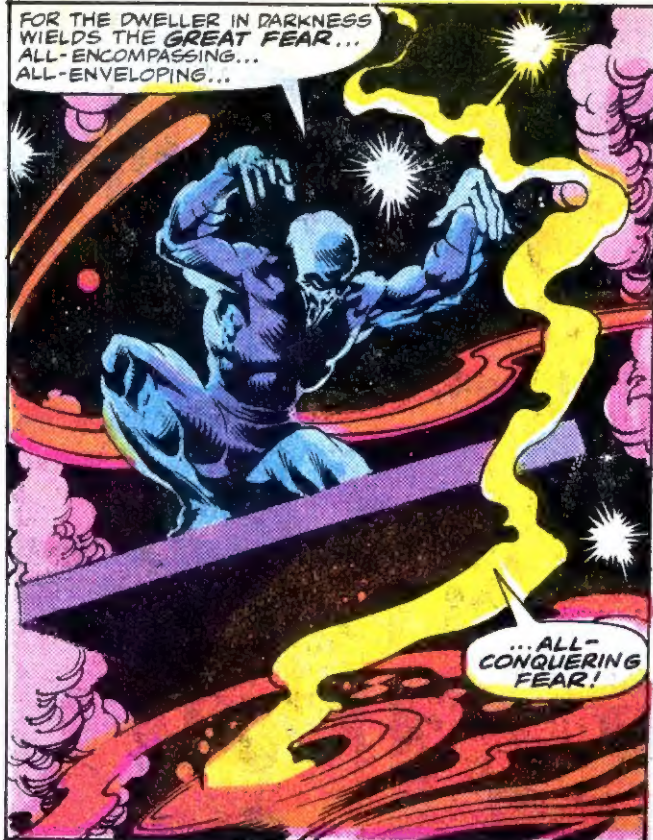
NAY, STEPHEN STRANGE, 'TIS **YOU WHO HONOR ME.**

YOU HAVE DEIGNED TO CALL NAMOR **'FRIEND'**. THERE ARE **FEW** WHO HAVE DONE THAT WITH YOUR SINCERITY, DOCTOR.

THE SUB-MARINER SHALL NOT **FORGET** YOUR FRIENDSHIP... NOT WHILE HIS SPIRIT **ENDURES**.



FOR THE DWELLER IN DARKNESS
WIELDS THE **GREAT FEAR**...
ALL-ENCOMPASSING...
ALL-ENVELOPING...



...ALL-
CONQUERING
FEAR!

STILL, I AM IMPRESSED BY THIS SOR-
CERER'S MIGHT. IT IS... **UNCOMMON**
FOR A NON-TRANSCENDENT MORTAL TO
CONTROL SUCH FORCES.



AYE, THE FEAR WHICH STRIKES
STEPHEN STRANGE MUST
DEVOUR HIM TOTALLY! HIS
VERY **EXISTENCE** IS AN
AFFRONT TO MY POWER.



ALREADY--
INADVERT-
ENTLY--
HE HAS
GIVEN ME
ONE DEFEAT.
HE SHALL
NOT CAUSE
ANOTHER!

ACROSS HIS DRIFTING SLAB STRIDES THE AWE-
SOME **DWELLER**, SLOWLY SINKING INTO ITS
VERY **SUBSTANCE**, DISAPPEARING COM-
PLETELY FROM VIEW...





... ONLY TO REAPPEAR
FROM WITHIN YET
ANOTHER SLAB, AN
INCALCULABLE
DISTANCE AWAY...

... ON THE VERY
THRESHOLD OF
AN IMPOSSIBLY
ANCIENT
CITADEL.



THE HALLS OF FEAR!
IT HAS BEEN A LONG
TIME SINCE I LAST
PASSED THROUGH
THIS ESTATE... TOO
LONG, EVEN BY THE
COSMIC
RECKONING.



LITTLE HAS CHANGED SINCE
THE BEFORE-TIME, I SEE.
MY SHADE-THRALLS STILL
STAND AT THE READY FOR--
EH?



SOMETHING IS AMISS, THERE
IS MOVEMENT AMONGST THE
SHADOWS... MOVEMENT WHICH
I HAVE NOT GRANTED!



WHAT MANNER OF BEING
DARES TO SULLY THE
DWELLER'S DOMAIN?



D'SPAYRE?!

WITLESS
GODLING!
BY WHAT
MADNESS ARE YOU
POSSESSED THAT
YOU SKULK ABOUT
MY HALLS UNBIDDEN?



MERCY, GREAT
DWELLER, MERCY! I
CAME THIS WAY BUT
TO LEECH A MODICUM
OF POWER FROM
YOUR THRALLS.

I DID, AFTER
ALL, LOSE
MY POWER
IN THE
PURSUIT OF
YOUR GREATER
GLORY!

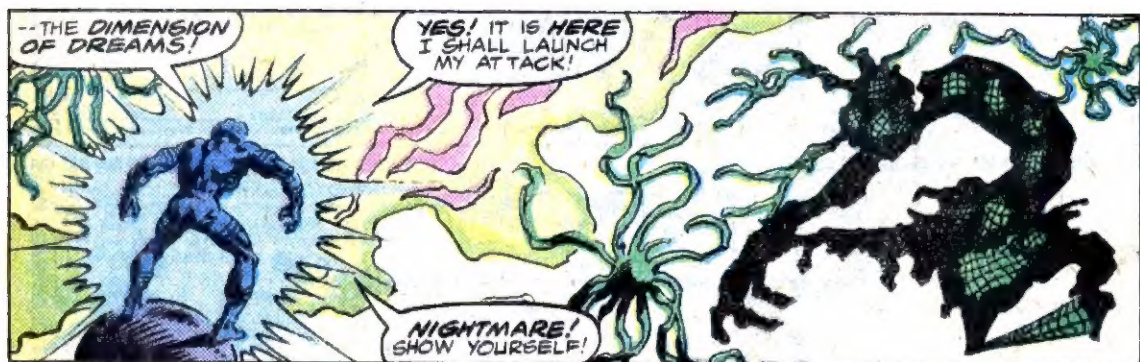


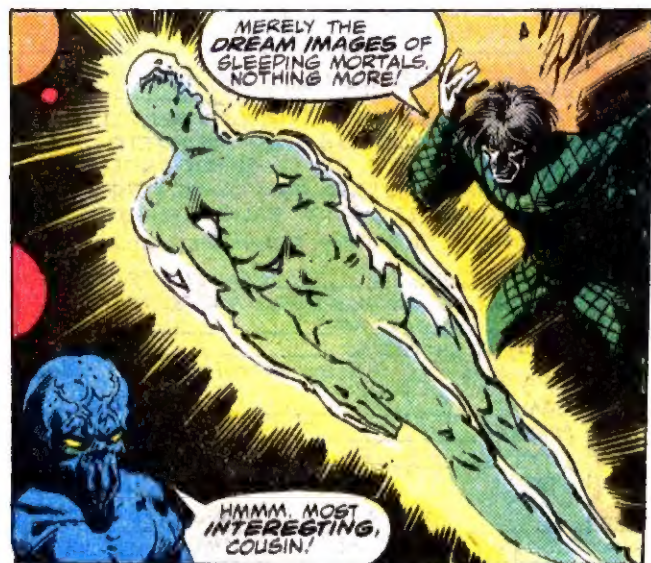
"I WAS SPREADING MY OWN
BRAND OF FEAR ON THE TERRAN
PLANE, WHEN I MET RESIS-
TANCE AT THE NEXUS OF
REALITIES.*



I... I WAS
DEFEATED IN A
COMMON SWAMP
BY A COSTUMED
MORTAL AND A...
A MAN-THING.

D'SPAYRE, I HAVE
MUCH TO DO, TAKE
WHAT POWER YOU WILL,
BUT BE GONE FROM
HERE WHEN I RETURN.



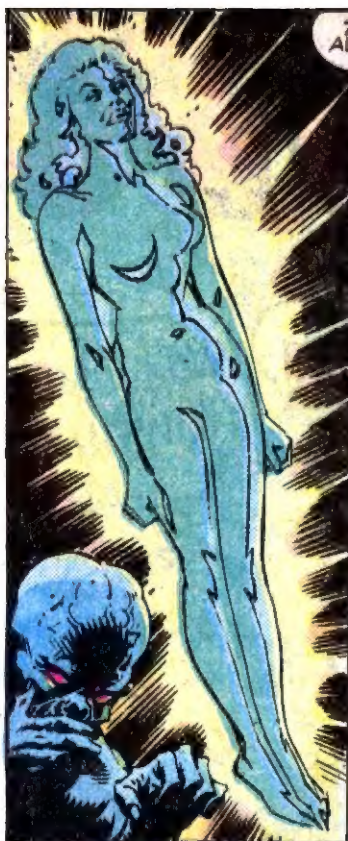




I DO NOT DENY THE PARALLELS OF OUR POWER, THE QUALITIES WE SHARE... BUT I DO NOT HAVE TO LIKE THEM!

NOW LEAVE! I SHALL NOT AID YOU!

OH, I SHALL GO NIGHTMARE! I DO NOT NEED YOUR AID NOW!



THIS IS ALL I NEED

AND AS THE DWELLER REACHES OUT FOR ONE SHINING FIGURE...



...IN A GRAND SAN FRANCISCO STUDIO APARTMENT, A YOUNG WOMAN THRASHES FITFULLY IN THE THROES OF HER LATEST NIGHTMARE.

NO... LEMME ALONE.



THEN THE DWELLER CLOSES HIS LOATHSOME HAND, AND THERE IS NO DOUBT, BUT THAT THE DREAMER...

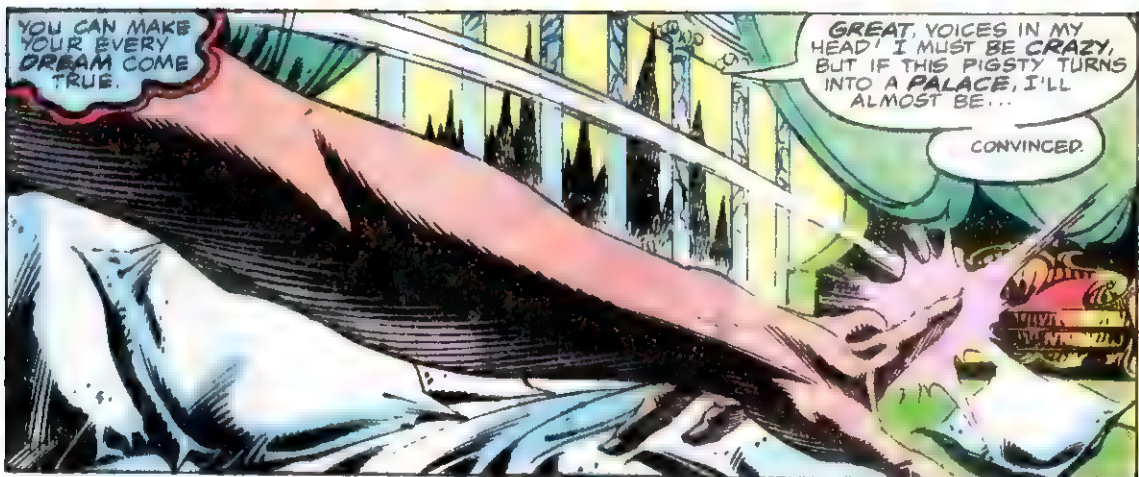
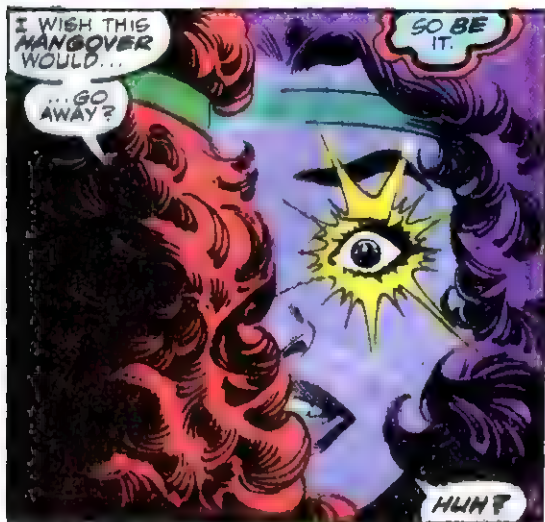


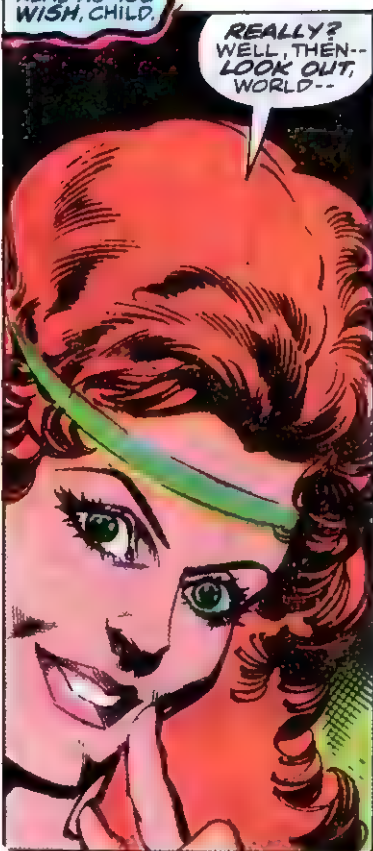
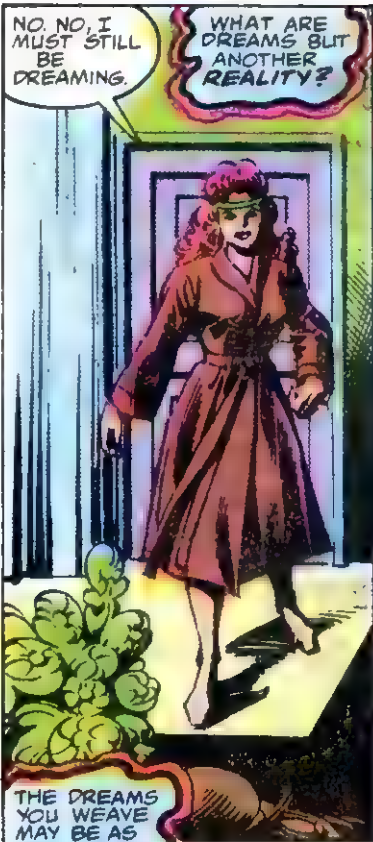
...IS HIS!

NO! MY GOD, NO!

OH.

WOW, WHAT A FREAKY NIGHTMARE!









NO, THAT WILL BE ALL FOR NOW, WONG.

OH, WHEN MISTRESS CLEA AWAKENS, TELL HER TO JOIN ME HERE.

IT SHALL BE DONE MASTER.



MY SANCTUM HAS BEEN REPEATEDLY VIOLATED, EVER SINCE THE ATTACK BY THE AGENT OF FORTUNE*. HIS FOUL TAIN MUST BE DISRUPTING MY PROTECTIVE SPELLS.

A RITE OF RENEWAL IS CLEARLY IN ORDER...

*DEFENDERS#58--808.



... ESPECIALLY AS I HAVE A DEEP FOREBODING THAT MY VULNERABILITY HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED.

I HAVE ACQUIRED MANY ENEMIES OVER THE YEARS. I MUST NOT ALLOW THEM TO STRIKE AT ME HERE.

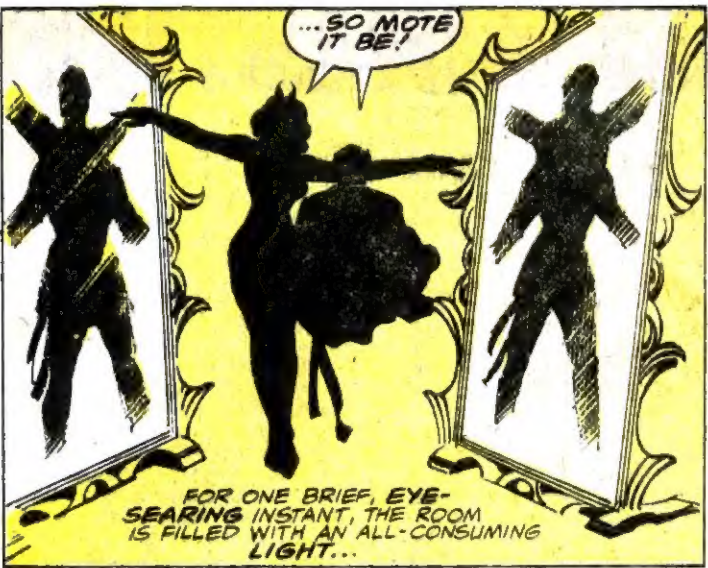


SOME TIME LATER...

STEPHEN? WHATEVER ARE YOU DOING?

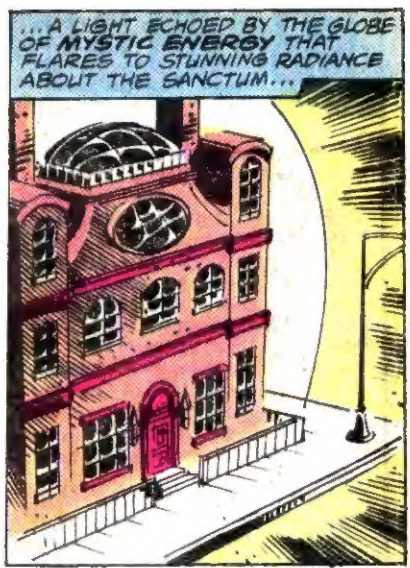
AH, COME IN, MY LOVE, I'M JUST MAKING THE FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR A VERY SPECIAL CONJURATION.





...SO MOTE
IT BE!

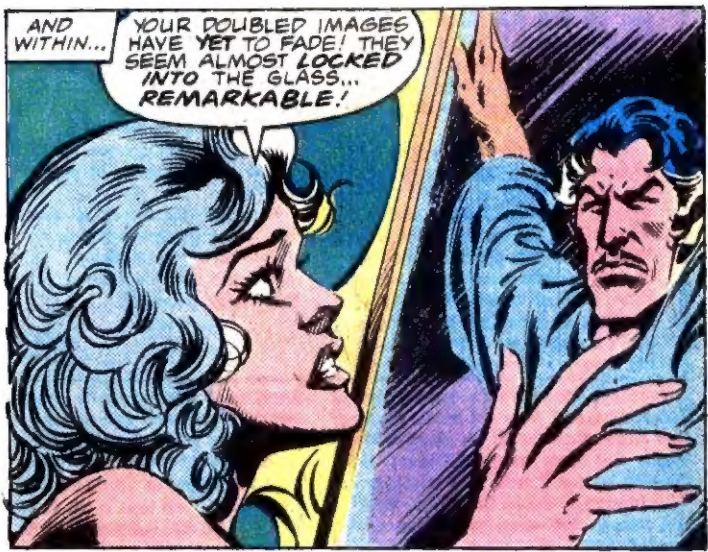
FOR ONE BRIEF, EYE-
SEARING INSTANT, THE ROOM
IS FILLED WITH AN ALL-CONSUMING
LIGHT...



...A LIGHT ECHOED BY THE GLOBE
OF MYSTIC ENERGY THAT
FLARES TO STUNNING RADIANCE
ABOUT THE SANCTUM...



...BEFORE FADING TO A STATE
INVISIBLE TO MORTAL EYES.



AND
WITHIN...

YOUR DOUBLED IMAGES
HAVE YET TO FADE! THEY
SEEM ALMOST LOCKED
'INTO THE GLASS...
REMARKABLE!



NOT REALLY SO
REMARKABLE, MY DEAR.
AFTER ALL, I DID IT
ALL WITH MIRRORS.



BUT I AM QUITE
PLEASED WITH THE
SPELL'S RESULTS.
WE SHOULD NOT
AGAIN BE TAKEN
BY SURPRISE.

EH? BY THE
VISHANTI,
MY QUILL--





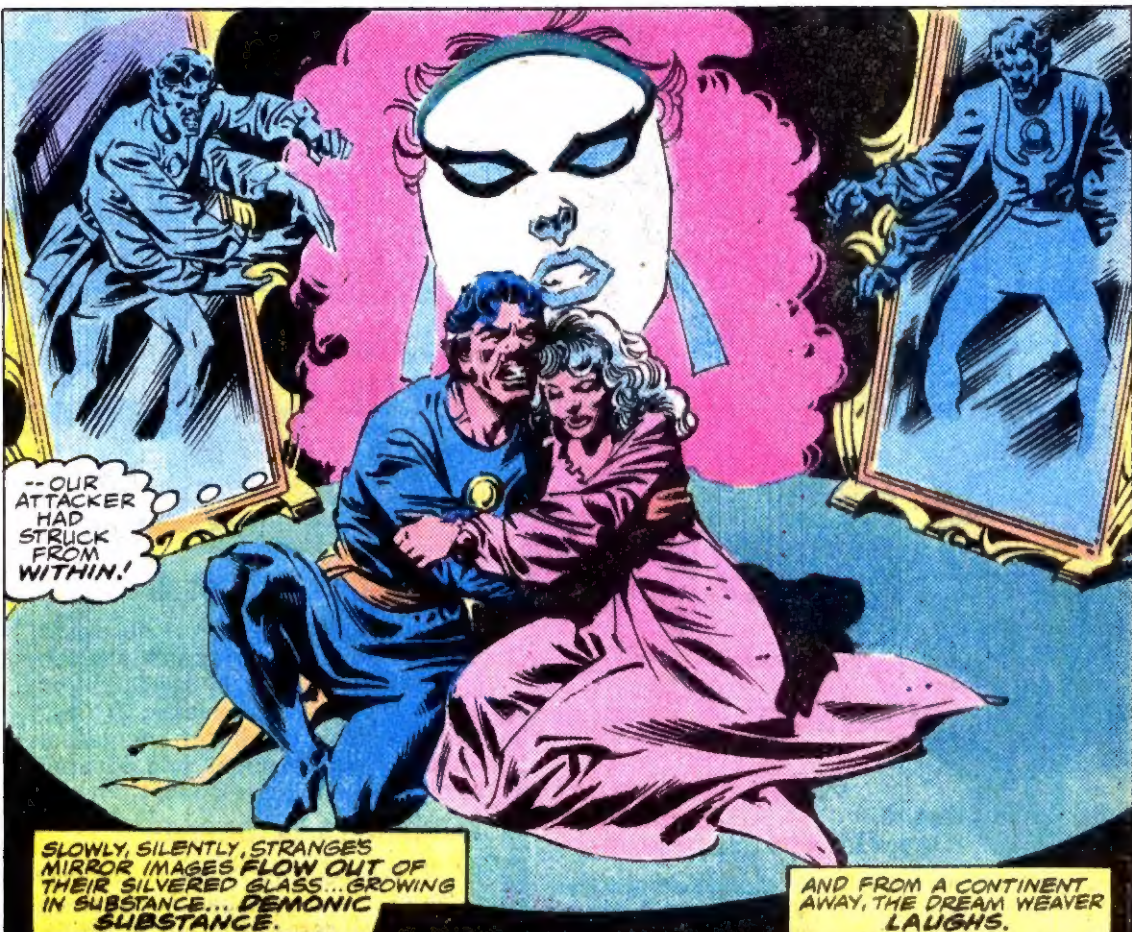
CLEA!



BELOVED, ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I... AM FINE,
STEPHEN. I
ASSUME OUR
SPELL OF PRO-
TECTION DID NOT
WORK SO WELL
AFTER ALL.

NO, IT *DID* WORK. I *KNOW* IT DID.
IT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR A
MALEVOLENT MYSTIC FORCE TO
PENETRATE THESE WALLS WITH
SUCH EASE. BUT THAT
WOULD MEAN--



--OUR
ATTACKER
HAD
STRUCK
FROM
WITHIN!

SLOWLY, SILENTLY, STRANGE'S
MIRROR IMAGES FLOW OUT OF
THEIR SILVERED GLASS... GROWING
IN SUBSTANCE... DEMONIC
SUBSTANCE.

AND FROM A CONTINENT
AWAY, THE DREAM WEAVER
LAUGHS.

NEXT

ALL MY **DREAMS** AGAINST ME!